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less to undersell men in trades and professions and so help to make marriage difficult, but did, as German elementary education does, teach them to buy food and clothing well, to know the value of every penny and how to get that value, to choose wholesome food and know how to cook it, to sew, mend, and darn, and to know how to manage the food, clothing and sleep of an infant.

I have tried to show a few reasons why I think we should in all seriousness ask ourselves the question: "Are Recent Developments in Women's Education in favour of the *best* preparation for Wifehood and Motherhood?" and if we feel there are any defects in present systems, try to cure them. If I have seemingly overstated some truth, or not adequately justified some conviction, I hope at least that what I have said will lead to a valuable discussion,* and perhaps cause some mother to pause before allowing an eager young girl to start on a course of over work; or to realise that whatever "advantages" she gives her girls, she must keep clearly before them the idea of Duty, as the one thing worth while, and the knowledge that there are endless openings for the talents and capacities of women, even if no chance of a happy marriage comes their way; and it is wise for them to be qualified to earn their living, if need be, with dignity and success: yet that Wifehood and Motherhood *are* woman's highest calling, and that whatever trouble or anxiety they bring, they bring also unspeakable blessing and joy.

* Such discussion should deal only with the education of girls, ample space has been given in this No. to the discussion of the other interesting questions raised in this paper.—ED.

A SHORT TREATISE ON READING ALOUD.

BY ERNEST LEGOUVÉ.

Translated (with kind permission of Messrs. Hetzel, of Paris) for the "Parents' Review."

(Continued from page 133.)

THE ART OF READING FROM A TECHNICAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE technical part of the art of reading has reference to two things: voice and pronunciation, sounds and words.

The organ of speech resembles to all appearances the organs of sight and of hearing, but it differs from them in one essential, namely, that the operations of sight and hearing are the result of an involuntary act.

It also differs in another point. You cannot see more or less according to your wish, nor can you hear more or less.

This is not the case with the voice. You may speak more or less loudly, more or less fast, you can regulate the volume of sound in the same way that you regulate the sound itself.

Therefore, the natural inference is, that as one cannot learn to see or to hear (I speak of the purely material action), consequently there is no art of seeing or of hearing. Whereas, speech being capable of modifications dependent on the exertion of the will, it is possible to learn to speak.

A few words will explain this difference.

The organ of speech is not purely an organ; it is also an instrument, an instrument like the piano. Now, what is the characteristic of a piano? Its keyboard. Of what is the keyboard composed? Of several octaves (six to six and a half). The six octaves group themselves into three separate kinds of notes: the low notes, the middle notes, the high notes. Lastly, the sound of these notes corresponds to strings of a certain thickness. Well, the voice has its keyboard in the same way as a piano, but contains only two octaves as compared to the six on the piano; three kinds of notes like the piano; thinner strings and thicker strings like the piano; and just in the same way as it is impossible to play the piano without having previously been taught, so is it quite as impossible to inflect your voice correctly without having learnt.

I would even go further than that. On leaving the hands of a good maker a piano is a complete and perfect instrument, and the sound produced by it when touched by an artist is as perfect as it is harmonious. But the little piano given to us by nature, rarely attains such perfection. There are missing strings, keys that grate, notes out of tune, so that before becoming a pianist one must be piano maker and tuner as well; that is to say, one must complete, equalise, and tune one's own instrument.

Our three kinds of voice are the bass voice, the medium voice, and the treble voice. They are all three requisite to the art of reading, but the use of them must be and is quite different according to their different degrees of strength. The strongest, most flexible, and most natural of these three voices is the medium or middle voice. The celebrated actor Molé was accustomed to say, "No fame without the middle voice." It is the middle as being the most usual, everyday voice, that expresses all the truest and most natural feelings. The low notes may have greater power, the high notes more brilliancy, but they must only be used in their proper places, and, I had nearly said, very rarely. I would compare the high notes to the cavalry in an army corps—to it are reserved the dashing attacks, the brilliant charges, with flourish of trumpets; the bass notes, like the artillery, are reserved for deeds of strength; but the main support of an army, the element which the strategist relies on and uses at all times, is the infantry. Well, the middle voice constitutes our infantry.

Therefore the first precept of the art of reading is the supremacy accorded to the middle notes. The high notes are much more fragile, more delicate. If you use them too much, if you play on them too much, they will wear out, and be out of tune; they will become shrill, your little piano will ring flat, and finally the organ itself, the entire organ, will deteriorate. Sometimes the abuse of those high notes reacts even on the thoughts of the speaker. Mr. Berryer once told me he had lost a very good case through having begun his speech in too high a key without being aware of it. The laryngeal fatigue soon reached the temples; from thence it invaded the brain; the intelligence became strained on account of the voice tension, thoughts became confused, and Berryer

lost a part of his intellectual faculties, because he did not think of descending from the elevated level to which his voice had climbed in the beginning.

The abuse of the low notes is not less disastrous. It brings monotony, produces a blank, sullen, heavy effect. Talma, when young, was much inclined to this failing. His voice, though powerful and touching, was somewhat gloomy, and it was only his artistic training which preserved it from becoming sepulchral. A rather funny story comes to me on this subject.

My father was a very talented reader. A great part of his success at the College de France, where he was professor, was due to this accomplishment. He interpolated in his lectures fragments from our great poets, and recited them amidst universal applause. This applause, which naturally pleased him, raised up for him many envious detractors. On one occasion, a critic said in an article, "Yesterday two scenes from Racine were read by M. Legouvé in his sepulchral voice." The article fell under the notice of one of his friends, a M. Parseval Grandmaison. Like a kind friend, he said to himself, "Legouvé will be vexed by that criticism. I will go and see him." He arrived, and found my father stretched out on a sofa, looking decidedly melancholy. "Ah, is that you, my dear Parseval?" "Yes; are you ill, Legouvé? You appear out of sorts." "Me! Oh no, there is nothing the matter; a little sore throat. Tell me, my dear Parseval, what do you think of my voice?" "I think it is a very fine one, my friend!" "Yes, yes; but what kind of a voice would you call it? Should you say it was of a brilliant description?" "Oh, no! Brilliant is not the word that describes your voice! I should say sonorous." "That's what I think; sonorous." "Undoubtedly, but still perhaps that is not quite the word for it! Solemn would perhaps express it better!" "Well, granted that it is solemn; but surely it is not gloomy?" "Oh no, not gloomy; but still there is a little something—" "Well, but it is not a cavernous voice?" "No, no; but—" "Oh!" cried my father, laughing, "I see that you agree with that abominable critic, and that you consider it a sepulchral one."

The moral of this little anecdote is that, from that day forth, my father applied himself to make less use of his low

notes, to blend them judiciously with those of the other two registers, and succeeded in attaining that variety of intonation which is a charm for the audience, as well as a relief to the reader. The judicious blending of the three different registers does not constitute the only exercise for the voice: you must as well, and above all, exercise the voice itself. Exercise strengthens weak voices, makes the hard supple, and softens the harsh: in fact, exercise acts on the speaking voice in the same way as the art of singing does on the singing voice. It is sometimes said of celebrated artists, M. Duprez for instance, that they have "made their voices." The statement is inaccurate: if you have no voice, it is impossible to make one, but it can be entirely altered: you can give it body, brilliancy, grace, not only by the exercises which strengthen the organ itself generally, but by the manner in which you attack the sound. Finally, study will give you notes which originally you did not possess.

One day, when singing the rondeau out of *La Somnambula*, the famous singer, Madame Malibran, ended the air with a shake on the high D, having begun on the lower D, thus comprising a range of three octaves in her phrase. Did she then naturally possess these three octaves? No, but she had acquired them by study. I remember that after the concert, one of us having congratulated her on her high D, she answered gaily, "I have hunted for it long enough! I tried for it everywhere: when I was dressing, when I was doing my hair—and at last one fine morning, I found it at the bottom of one of my shoes." From which it will be seen that art not only helps us to govern our kingdom but actually extends it.

BREATHING.

The second object of the art of reading is to teach you to breathe. One would think that, if there is a purely natural action in the world, with which art has nothing to do, it is that of breathing. Breathing is living, and we breathe as unconsciously as we live. But you can only read well if you breathe well, and you cannot breathe well if you have not learnt how to do so. This is one of the rarest talents of a reader. I will explain myself. When you breathe in ordinary life, the air enters and leaves your lungs in an even, steady manner, like the tide of a spring which flows calmly, quietly,

and continuously. But would that even current of air be sufficient to thrill your vocal chords? No; they would remain mute like a piano untouched by hands. The air stands in the same relation to the vocal apparatus as the fingers to the piano.

In speaking, the ordinary conditions of breathing are changed. You can only give what you have, and the more you expend the more you have. The little stock of air designed for ordinary unconscious purposes is no longer sufficient in quantity for the breath required by the energetic action of speech; so we must establish an equilibrium between our "have" and our "must have." We must lay in a stock, make an energetic appeal to the source itself, that is, to the atmosphere, so that it may furnish us with the air we require. This appeal is inspiration, or inhalation. Breathing, then, consists of two acts: inspiring, or inhaling, and breathing out, or exhaling. Inhaling is storing up, acquiring; exhaling is expending, giving out your wares.

There are then two totally different arts: inhaling is one art, exhaling is another. What does the art of inhaling consist of? In drawing in air from the very base of the lung, from the diaphragm itself. If you inhale from the upper part of the lung alone, you lay in too small a stock of air. You do not fill your store room, Barely a third of it is filled. What is the result? That your stock exhausts itself very quickly; too quickly; and if you have a long piece to read, you are like a man who has started on a journey in the desert with half-filled waterskins. Air fails you; you must return to procure more, which is exhausting; exhausting for you and also to your hearers, as you will presently see. The first duty, therefore, of the reader who has to provide for a long discourse, is to inhale deeply at the beginning, so as to have his lungs well filled.

Then comes the second act, which is more difficult, that of expending. A bad reader inhales too little, and exhales too much; that is to say, he squanders his goods without order and without measure.

Talma, when a young man, was playing the *Father of a Family*, by Diderot. At the famous speech beginning "£1500 a year and my Sophy," he used to begin to shout, to rave, to scream, finally entering the wings utterly exhausted and blowing like a whale.

There was at that time in the theatre an actor named Dorival, thin, lanky, with a weak voice, he had nevertheless a certain amount of success as a tragic actor. "How does that animal manage it?" said Talma to himself. "I am ten times as strong as he is and yet he fatigues himself ten times less than I do. I will ask him what his secret is?" Dorival answered, "Success such as yours, M. Talma, requires no lessons." "I shall find a way of making you give some," said Talma to himself.

So one day, when Dorival was playing Châtillon in *Zaire*, Talma hid himself—where do you think? In the prompter's box, in such a manner as to hear and see without himself being seen. There, crouched up in the darkness, he watches, spies, notices, looks, listens, and after the famous speech in the second act, he emerged exclaiming, "I have it, I have discovered his secret." What then had he discovered? That Dorival's art consisted in knowing how to breathe. Of what did this art consist? In making (I copy one of Talma's own notes) his inhalations before the air in his lungs was entirely exhausted; and in order to conceal from the public these repeated inhalations which would have cut the thread of his speech and even interrupted the flow of sentiment, he inhaled as much as possible before the *a*'s and *e*'s, and *o*'s, that is to say in places when the mouth, already open, allows of slight inhalations, without their being perceptible to the auditors.*

One last remark which is indispensable to the reader. If you wish to inhale and exhale freely, sit on a high chair. Crouched up in an armchair, you could not draw your breath from the very base of the lungs. I would even say, be careful to remain very upright. The man who stoops inhales badly, and exhales badly. Lastly, have a rest for your back as much as possible when reading in public and beginning to feel a slight vocal and cerebral fatigue. I have often been able to ease fatigue by leaning heavily against the back of my chair. Equilibrium is instantly re-established, I inhale freely, and even my head becomes clearer.

* Many writers say that this is only half the secret. *Inhale through the nose*, with the mouth closed for an instant. To inhale before vowel sounds would be risky for some English readers.

ARITHMETIC IN THE NURSERY—AND BEYOND.

BY FRANCES EPPS.

IN the home where it is an article of faith that "Education is an atmosphere—a Life," one of the first absorbing problems is how best to use and influence the child's nursery days. "Give me the first seven years," pleads the wise and earnest teacher, certain that what he builds on that foundation will stand through all the years that come after.

From the nature of things, these seven years—happy are we if they can be stretched to ten—remain the parents' own blessed opportunity, theirs to arrange and watch over, though later on they may have but little say in the methods by which their children are taught or their application.

It might almost seem that there is no need for further writing on how to begin arithmetic, as there are already hundreds of books on the subject. Still, the interest in all that helps to strengthen and prepare the child for school-life and citizenship—be it hygiene, morals, art, play, first lessons—is ever growing, and also there are still some parents who have yet to forget the methods by which they were taught themselves.

A pathetic, and stimulating memory-picture stands out from the past, of a child bending over a tear-washed slate, "doing" an unexplained long division sum; the pity of it—no joy, no use. Now, though one would fain believe that the growth of sympathetic and rational methods in first teaching has stopped such flagrant "offending" of the little ones as this, yet, as all teachers know, there are still fair little faces turned up to them into which rises a cloud, a dulness, whenever any work with numbers is in hand; and there are still children, in their teens perhaps, who can work sums when set off on a "rule"; who will "try" division, multiplication, reduction, in turns to get the "answer," all because,